

DAILY EVENING STAR.

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DAILY EVENING STAR.

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BY
JOSEPH B. TATE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Advertisements will be inserted in the *Evening Star* at the usual rates of the other papers published in Washington. A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

COOPER & MCGHAN,
PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,
Hot-Air and Hot-Water Furnace Manufacturers.

HAVING removed to C street adjoining the Bank of Washington, would respectfully invite all persons wanting work in their line to give them a call, as they intend to do work in New York style and for New York prices. H. D. COOPER is well known to the citizens of this city as being a general builder, and as being connected with the Hot-Water Furnaces at the Observatory and Winder's Building, previous to August, 1851, and Mr. MCGHAN is a practical Plumber from New York. Call and see us. ap 15

DR. J. S. ROSE'S
GREAT PAIN CURE! The wonder of the Age!! All Pain cured like Magic!—This wonderful preparation is used internally and externally, giving immediate relief for all bodily pains.

If used according to directions, it not only relieves all pain, but it cures it usually on the first application. It may be relied upon for curing and giving almost instant relief, as thousands who have used it can testify, to Rheumatism, Ague, Sudden Colds, Cholera, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Pleurisy, Ear Ache, Tooth Ache, Cholic, and all pains in the Stomach or Bowels, Head Ache, Pains in the Womb, Pains in the Limbs, Joints, Back, Spine Diseases, Lumbago, Scalds, Burns, Chills, Sprains, Bruises, Pimples, and all Chronic Eruptions.

If you wish to be relieved from ALL PAIN, use Dr. ROSE'S PAIN CURE.

If you desire to be cured of ALL DISEASES, take his Family Medicines.

Price 12 1/2, 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

To be had at all the respectable Drug Stores in Washington, and Georgetown, D. C., and Alexandria, Va. feb 25

FLORAL CORDIAL.
For the relief and permanent cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Seminal Losses, Leucorrhoea, Gravel, &c.

THE FLORAL CORDIAL has gained extensive character as a cure, both safe and pleasant for the above named very common and destroying complaint. Persons who have suffered long with disease and whose constitutions have been impaired by continuous use of powerful drugs, have been restored to health and vigor, by the use of two bottles of the preparation. Those afflicted would not only save money, but a great deal of unnecessary suffering, by giving the Cordial a fair trial.

The cordial is pleasant to the taste and pleasant in its effects. In using it no restrictions are necessary.

Price, per bottle, only one dollar.

Sold by C. STOTT & CO., cor. of 7th street and Penn. avenue; W. ELLIOTT, cor. of F and 12th streets; PATTERSON & NAIRN, cor. 9th and Penn. avenue. feb 7—1f

CHARTER OAK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Capital \$200,000

Securely invested under the official approval of the Comptroller of Public Accounts of this State.

Office, corner of Main and Asylum street.

THIS Company will issue Policies on the Joint Stock principle, and upon the Mutual plan, thus combining the benefits of both systems at the option of the insured; and make contracts upon any and all conditions pertaining to, or connected with life risks of whatever name or nature.

Policies will be issued at the lowest rates of premium that can be adopted and afford requisite security to the insured and perpetuity to the institution.

On the surrender of a Life Policy, the holder will receive its equitable value in cash.

This Company continues to effect insurance on the lives of persons going to California, at fair rates of premium; and a grant permits for traveling, sea and foreign residence at equitable rates.

Policies issued for the benefit of a married woman, on the life of her husband, or any other person, will insure to her separate use, independently of her husband and of the claims of his creditors.

The Company is managed and controlled by a Board of Directors, who are personally interested, as stockholders and policy holders, in its success.

Pamphlets, containing rates of premium and information in relation to the plan of operations, and all papers necessary to effect insurance, may be obtained at the Office of the Company, or of any one of the Agents.

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Hartford, March 1852. jan 31

NEVER-FAILING REMEDY! HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A CRIPPLE SETS ASIDE HIS CRUTCHES AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,
Dear Sir—I am enabled to furnish you with a most extraordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted with the sufferer. About ten years ago, Mr. W. Cummins, of Saltney Street, in this town, was thrown from his horse, whereby he received very serious injuries; he had the best medical advice at the time, and was afterwards an inmate of different infirmaries, yet he grew worse, and at length a malignant running ulcer settled in his hip, which so completely crippled him, that he could not move without crutches for nearly ten years; recently he began to use your Ointment and Pills, which have now healed the wound, strengthened his limb, and enabled him to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigor. (Signed) J. THOMPSON.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A DREADFUL SKIN DISEASE WHEN ALL MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Hird, Draper, of Kealey, near Gainsbro', dated March 1, 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,
Sir—Some time since, one of my children was afflicted with dreadful eruptions over the body and limbs. I obtained the advice of several eminent Surgeons and Physicians, by all of whom the case was considered hopeless. At length I tried your Ointment and Pills, and without exaggeration, the effect was miraculous, for by persevering in their use, all the eruptions quickly disappeared, and the child was restored to perfect health.

I previously lost a child from a similar complaint, and I firmly believe had I in her case adopted your medicines she would have been saved also. I shall be happy to testify the truth of this to any inquirer. (Signed) J. HIRD, Draper.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:

Bad Legs,	Gout,
Bad Breasts,	Glandular Swellings,
Burns,	Lumbago,
Bunions,	Piles,
Bite of Mosquitoes and Rheumatism,	
Sand-Flies,	Scalds,
Coco-bay,	Sore Nipples,
Choke-foot,	Sore throats,
Chilblains,	Skin Diseases,
Chapped hands,	Scurvy,
Corns, (Soft)	Sore-heads,
Cancers,	Tumours,
Contracted and Stiff	Ulcers,
Joints,	Wounds,
Elephantiasis,	Yaws,
Fistulas,	

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all Vendors of Medicines, throughout the United States, in Pots, at 37 1/2 cts., and \$1.50c. each. Wholesale, by the principal Drug houses in the Union; and by Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS, New York.

There is a considerable saving by taking the larger size.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each Pot. June 21

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER!
This is no Quack Medicine, but compounded by a Regular Physician of Thirty Years' Practice in Philadelphia. The best Sarsaparilla Compound in the World.

DR. J. S. ROSE'S celebrated Compound Fluid Extract of FRESH HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA. Prepared by him only, at his Laboratory.

Quart bottles, \$1. Small bottles, 50 cents. Warranted free from Mercury! As a Spring and Summer Medicine, for purifying the Blood, it has no equal.

This Compound is made by a chemical process without exposure to the air, and therefore contains all the virtue of the truly valuable root, Honduras Sarsaparilla, combined with other ingredients, to render it efficacious in purifying and enriching the blood, and to cure all Skin Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Scrofulous Sores, and their bad effects on the Constitution. Dropsical Swellings, Rheumatism from Mercury, Biles, Old Sores, Kidney and Bladder Affections, cleansing the system of mercury, and raising up a weak and broken down constitution from any cause.

In short, this carefully made preparation of Sarsaparilla will do all that can be done by any compound of the root Sarsaparilla, as the thousands who have used it will testify. It is also a pleasant purifying beverage, enlivening the spirits, giving appetite and tone to the stomach, and as a drink (with a little cool water, mineral or soda water,) will be found superior to all others.

Females who have used this compound, from being delicate, weak and pale, soon become robust, and have a fine color. It possesses great invigorating properties.

Sold by all the Druggists in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria. June 6—dtf

TINNER'S WORK, ROOFING, &c.

F. Y. NAYLOR, at the old stand, on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, between 3d and 4th streets, thankful for past favors and solicitous of future, would inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to execute all work in his line at the lowest prices, in the most approved manner, and at the shortest notice.

Kitchen Ware.—He would also invite the attention of housekeepers to his assortment of kitchen articles, many of which he has just received from New York, and which he believes will prove highly satisfactory.

Plumbing Work.—Having in his employ a highly competent workman from New York, and having made arrangements to fill any order in the line, he is prepared to execute it at the lowest possible prices, and requests those wishing such work to give him a call before applying elsewhere.

Having carried on the Tin and Store business in the same vicinity for seventeen years, the place is easily found, and having removed his residence to his store, he can always be seen there after the usual hours of business, and until 10 o'clock P. M. m 28—colfm

BIRD CAGES, for sale by JNO. W. LADEN.

For the Daily Evening Star.

THE PATAPSCO.

BY E. STILLMAN BALCH.

Stream of the gallant State! whose waters glide

Blithely down her billow-bounding bay,
Where ocean argosies rich freighted ride
And strain their canvas for the foaming sea.

Thou gladsome queen of waters, whose proud crest

Dances aloft to greet the looming barge,
And throwing wildly round thy spumey vest
Dost dash the tall prow with its glittering surge.

Hail! bright Patapasco, o'er whose glassy swell

The snorting steamer bellows forth her breath,

And bravely walks thy waters 'midst the yell
Of her shrill vent pipe and smoke-curling wreath:

On whose smooth decks the gleesome company

Mid mazy waltz and light coition glide;
Smiling to greet the deep pellucid sea.

With mirth and song rebounding o'er her tide.

No more Britannia's thunder o'er thy main

Contest the freedom of the gallant seas,
Or wrench their noisy bulwarks with the strain

That groans amid the battle and the breeze;
The bitter now unscarred wheels o'er thy wave.

The sea-gull fearless dips beneath thy brine;

Joyous thy foaming crest doth peacefully lave,
And 'neath its brine thy finny monsters swim.

Low in their sea-weed caves thy maid's sleep,

Nor heed the echo of thy sounding roar.

When Boreas howling from the rocking deep

Drives the worn sea fowl to thy rippling shore;

Where, 'midst the marshy sedge, she builds her nest.

Recoiling from the thunder-foaming seas;

Screened her closed eyelids 'neath her downy breast,

And spurns alike the surges and the breeze.

Methods I see amid the mists of morn,

When the hush'd ocean lulls its giant wave.

Sea nymphs arise, with conch and sounding horn,

Far from the shore where the spent surges lave;

And in full chorus to the waning night

Pour forth their mournful music to the breeze.

Hymning their dolorous accents to the spirit

Who wakes the dark tornado of the seas.

NAID SONG.

Soft! softly to the misty air,
Our spirit song shall wake;
But shrilly on the listening ear
Of mortal shall it break.

Ye mariners, who safely ride

Above the foaming deep,

Mourn, mourn with us as Elfin glide

Thy mates who lowly sleep,

With sea-weed for their winding sheet,

Deep in their coral grave;

Pillow'd where star nor sun shall greet

The rock-resounding wave.

Thou cruel spirit that rides the blast,

Thy scattered wrecks behold;

Mortality, its victims cast

'Midst anchors, guns, and gold.

Deep in the fathomless abyss

Of ocean's oozy caves,

Where goblins glare and serpents hiss

'Neath dark upheaving waves.

Hush! hush! the spirits of the main

Join in our choral song.

They mourn with us, in elfin strain,

Our dear siege echoing.

Charvdis wakes, and Seylla pours

Her sad chant o'er the sea,

Which wildly echoes round our shores,

And o'er the dappled sea.

Yet list! oh, list! the booming gun

Foretells the Aurora's hour;

Wist! spirits! away! the glittering sun

His golden flood would pour.

Hail! bright Patapasco! though the briny deep

Shall madly lash, when ocean winds do roar,

And the wreck'd mariners should tombless sleep

Down the deep main, beyond the maelstrom's power;

Soon as the raging billows softly sleep.

And purple fire tints fringe the eastern sky;

Then faithful Sol new-wak'd from out the deep

Shall o'er thy bosom cast his glancing eye;

And o'er thy flowery banks, by glen or wood,

Shall proudly shine with his accustomed glow.

Driving from sombre earth night's solitude,

While nature opens her panoramic show;

E'en now the bay craft trains her bellying sails

The swift-wing'd steamer gaily ploughs the wave,

Try home barks woo the gently dallying gale,

And haste to greet the ramparts of the brave.

Hail! bright Patapasco! O'er thy southern steep,

Behold McHenry rear her bastion's proud,

Where the fixed sentinels their vigils keep

When night's dark curtain doth her towers enshroud;

Her brazen breasted parapets do frown,

Her bristling bayonets glisten in the sun;

Hoarse echoes from her walls the ripples drown.

Anon is heard the reveille and drum.

There where the spangled banner proudly floats,

And waves its broad stripes to the azure sky;

E'en Britain's sons have heard her thunder notes,

And staggering with the shock have sunk awry;

For one broad blaze of shot and lurid flame

She hurled in vengeance o'er the astonished foe.

Then shrank proud Albion's barks in hurried shame
Beneath the fierce might of the Freeman's blow.

Gay floating pennon! proudly waving sheet,
Which flaunts defiance, where dark danger broods.

Nor droops, though carnage lower, or death's fell sleep.

Should madly wake from hell's grim solitudes:

While earth's firm terrafirma bars the sea,
And walls old ocean with its towering height.

So long shall our bright banner wave as free,
Nor doff one star, till nature sinks in night.

Love and Romance.

We published a few days ago, says the New Orleans *Crescent*, a short sketch with the above title, or something like it. It gave the details of a romantic elopement and marriage, the parties being a lady and gentleman from Texas.

A day or two after the happy pair had tied the knot hymenial, the brother of the young lady arrived in this city from Texas, and for the first time heard of the event. He immediately went to the St. Charles Hotel, where the young lady was stopping, in company with Mrs. H.—and her daughter, both from the same State, in whose charge the bride had been placed on her departure from home. Meeting Mrs. H.—in the parlor of the Hotel, he upbraided her with having lent her countenance to the secret marriage of his sister, applying to her some very harsh epithets not set down in the code of etiquette. "This aroused the ire of Miss H.—, a young and blooming virgin of seventeen summers, who immediately approached the irate brother, and shaking against his face her white and tiny fist, "wished she was a man, or even had a weapon, that she might kill him for his impertinence."

Nothing daunted by her threatening attitude, the irritated brother of the bride drew from his bosom a bowie knife, and handing it to the juvenile Xantippe, said, "Take this, Miss, and let me see if you are a lady of your word." With all the fire of a demon, the young lady grasped the shining blade, and drawing it back with a movement as if to plunge it into his breast, was about to deal the fatal blow, when she was prevented by a gentleman visitor who grasped her arm.

We mention this merely as an instance of "true grit" on both sides, and as a foil of reality, setting off a very pretty specimen of the romantic.

"Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes."

Yes; and don't you presume to show yourself any where, until you get it filled. "Not among good people?" No, my dear Simplicity, not among "good people." They will receive you with a galvanic ghost of a smile, scared up by an indistinct recollection of the "ten commandments," but it will be as short-lived as their stay with you. You are not welcome, that's the amount of it. They are all in a perspiration lest you should be delivered of a request for their assistance, before they can get rid of you. They are "very busy," and what's more, they always will be busy when you call, until you get to the top of fortune's ladder.

Climb, man! climb! get to the top of the ladder, though adverse circumstances and false friends, break every round in it! and see what a glorious and extensive prospect of human nature you'll get when you arrive at the summit! Your gloves will be worn out shaking hands with the very people who didn't recognize your existence two months ago. "You must come and make them a long visit!" "You must step in at any time!" "You'll always be welcome!" it is such a long time since they had the pleasure of a visit from you, that they begin to fear you never intended to come; and they'll cap the climax by inquiring with an injured air, "If you are near sighted, or why you have so often passed them in the street without speaking?"

Of course you will feel very much like laughing in their faces, and so you can. You can't do anything wrong, now that your "pocket is full." At the most, it will only be "an eccentricity." You can use any body's neck for a footstool, bridle any body's mouth with a silver bit, and have as many "golden opinions" as you like. You won't see a frown again, between this and your tomb-stone!

FANNY FERN.

Judge a man by his actions: a poet by his eye: an idler by his fingers: a boxer by his sinews: a lawyer by his leer: an Irishman by his swagger: a Scotchman by his shrug: an Englishman by his roundity: a player by his strut: a great man by his modesty: an editor by his coat: a justice by his frown: a tailor by his agility: a fiddler by his elbow: a woman by her neatness: and a printer by his want of the "needful."

On Friday last the City Marshal of Bangor, Maine, seized twenty elegant flour barrels, fancy brands, ten of them each containing a twenty-gallon keg of New England rum, and each of the other ten a twenty gallon keg of American gin. The remaining space in the barrels was occupied by saw-dust of a good quality.

The Mechanic.

Of all the component parts which make up the many-hued associations of life, commonly called society, there is no one who bears so quiet and yet so important a part as the mechanic. His course is unmarked by the pomp and parade of artificial importance—his march is silent, but onward and certain. He passes amid the throng of human beings, and attracts to himself in person but little attention. But look abroad, and see, if you cannot elsewhere read what the hand of his influence has written. Mark in the gray pyramids of Egypt what he has done, and learn that his fame is immortal. Look on the century stained walls of the old Coliseum, and remember what he has achieved. Scan with admiring eye the Leviathans of the deep that float so proudly on the waters, braving the fury of the storm, and breasting triumphantly its wild upheaving—and there remember is the handiwork of the humble mechanic. View then, you demon of earth, which with fiery breath and heavy tread, speeds furiously over vale and mountain, and recollect that in the grasp of the mechanic is his strength subdued or his course directed. And yet he who has advanced the cause of science, so ennobled humanity itself, is passed carelessly by and regarded by many as the bottommost rounds in the ladder of life. But not thus is he destined to linger in the obscurity of position, or in the neglect of poverty.—His importance in the true estimate of life, is being gradually appreciated and already have high honors clustered around his open and manly brow. His profession, in this age of practical utility, is moving upward and taking equal rank with higher callings. Our democratic institutions are favorable to his ascendant progress, and all things are working together for the elevation of the mechanic to his proper standard.—*Express.*

Sweet Alice, Alas!

In our juvenile days, we remember a very clever Englishman, who, on all occasions, sang that his heart was breaking for the love of Alice Gray. More lately a great many people inquiring of Benjamin Bolt, whether they remember Sweet Alice, and then volunteering the information that they have fitted a slab of the granite so gray, and Sweet Alice lies under the stone.

The mystery that has so long shrouded the name of Alice is now cleared up. That somebody's heart was breaking for her is quite probable.

But the joke about her being laid under the granite slab is too transparent. The New York papers have accounts of her arrest, in company with T. Connelly, Philip McArdle, and others, for passing counterfeit money. This proves that the story of her father, so frequently told us by Mr. Bolt, was a sham—a counterfeit: but better would it have been for Alice to have "Put off Death's counterfeit, and put on Death itself."

She has been placed inside of certain granite walls, and the iron doors have been bolted. So ends this remarkable fiction.

CURIOUS STATISTICS.—If the streets of London were put together, they would extend 3,000 miles in length. The main thoroughfares are traversed by 3,000 omnibuses and 3,500 cabs, employing 40,000 horses. In 1849 the metropolis alone consumed 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, and 36,000 pigs. One market alone supplied 4